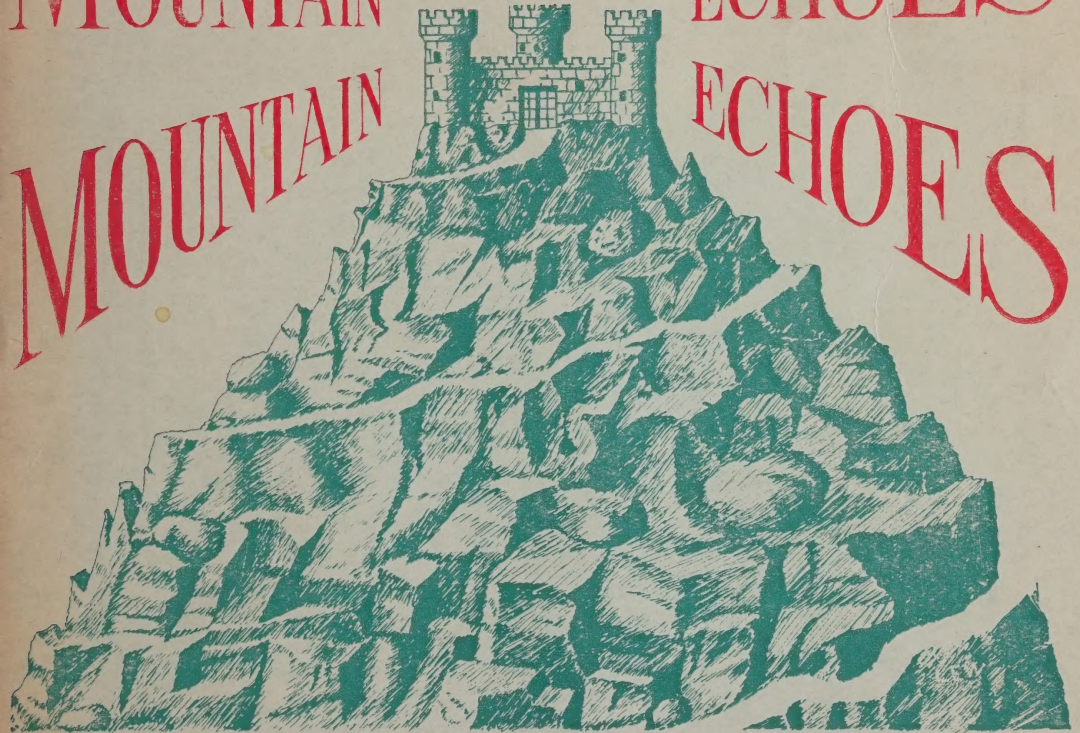


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Season's Greetings

MOUNTAIN ECHOES MOUNTAIN ECHOES MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Volume 7 December-1957 Number 3

*It Pays
to Shop at*

**EATON'S
OF CANADA**

**THROUGH THE
MAIL ORDER
CATALOGUES**

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Rev. H.J. Bedford	R.C. Chaplain
W. Aikenhead	Chief Steward



MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.

CENSUS

November 18 to December 18

Population	393
High Number	7577
Received	16
Discharged	17
Tickets-Of-Leave	1
Pardons	1
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Transfers-Out	0
Transfers-In	0
Deported	1

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Mountain Echoes is published monthly. Subscription rates are \$1.00 yearly for 12 issues. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department Ottawa, 1951. Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittances to Mountain Echoes, c/o The Warden, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba. Permission for reprinting any article is cordially granted provided proper credit is given.

Mountain Echoes

December—1957

Volume 7

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Photo-engraving

Courtesy of

The Winnipeg Tribune,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Concerning

This

Issue

On this occasion it is our pleasure to wish to our many friends and subscribers a very Merry Christmas and best wishes in the coming New Year.

It is also with great pleasure that we single out the following persons and organizations for their splendid assistance and support, for without their wonderful help many of the improvements in the Mountain Echoes of 1957 could not have occurred.

The Winnipeg Tribune: Editor in Chief Carlyle Allison,
Managing Editor Eric Wells
Engraving and Photographic section
News Staff
Victor V. Murray, Columnist

The Winnipeg Free Press: Editor Tom Kent
News Staff

CJOB; News Editor Bill Trebilco
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Brigadier McInnes of The Salvation Army

Rev. George W. McNeill

Father H.J. Bedford, S.J.

Minnedosa Tribune Editor, Patrick Ryan

Alex Turk, M.L.A.

Selkirk Enterpriser, George Kroft, Publisher

Manitoba Weekly Newspaper Assoc.

Charlie Krupp

Penitentiary Commission Staff

To all our loyal subscribers

All members of the Penal Press

To the many contributors of material

Members of the Administration

To The Girls of THE RED CROSS

From the staff of the Echoes;

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and thanks



Editorially Speaking

by Don Lobb

Once more the mellow tones of Perry Como, Bing Crosby and dozens of lesser-knowns fill the air with the strains of Christmas favorites and the papers carefully chart the number of shopping days remaining.

Christmas here is a time of nostalgia, as are all those festive holidays normally celebrated in the pleasant surroundings of home and family. Of all the seasons though, Christmas is most often regretted in its loss.

For Christmas lives deep in our memories throughout the year. The happiness of other seasons may be a source of inspiration, but Christmas is more than that.

It is always a hope; a promise, that gladdens us in anticipation. At Christmas most of us are blessed (or cursed) with total recall.

The days immediately preceding Christmas are mellowed as old gold. Busy preparations; tree-decorating, shopping, shining faces of children reflecting the glow in star-bright eyes, spirits barely contained, threatening at any moment to bubble over into shouts of pure glee.

Christmas is a time for renewal of old friendships, re-union with family . . . and remembrance.

Anticipation is a bright part of any event, but the anticipation at Christmas is something special. The festive preparations are exciting enough, the recollections are soul-satisfying, but the day is as outstanding as an evening star.

To waken at first sure light when a brilliant sun chases frost diamonds along the edge of a window pane, bathing the morning in golden beauty; footsteps creaking in the frosty snow as an early traveller walks jauntily along the street.

Then whisperings, muted chatter, and the stirring of children. A stealthy trail of footsteps along the hall, the gentle rasp of a turning door-knob and the burst of joyful sound as Christmas day is officially welcomed in a bed-bouncing exchange of exuberant greeting.

"Did Santa Claus come?" A fearful query, inviting reassurance.

"Of course he did!"

There comes to mind a concentrated rush of sound, clattering downstairs into the room wherein stands a gift-laden tree. Tearing wrappings, lovingly applied short hours earlier; shouts of delight and a whole new world of love shining in the eyes of a child who has just had a transfusion of faith.

Christmas is a spiritual event. It is love materialized. It is the eternal spirit of peace and love and aspiration. Peace within, unbroken by the tumult without. It is not the weak peace of withdrawal, of negation, but the real peace of harmony taming discord, dispelling fear, doubts and discouragements.

Ernie Pyle said, "There are no atheists in fox-holes."

I think there are very few atheists on Christmas day either.

But it is too soon over. The tree is taken down, ornaments are packed away, friends and family members have returned to distant places, wrappings, tinsel and toys picked up: Christmas is past.

It will come again, just in time to keep us from getting so wrapped up in our own little problems and ourselves that we forget the things that matter.

And before the glow has faded we have the opportunity to pledge ourselves to do better in the new year hovering on the horizon. A year in which we can pay tribute to this day by making an honest effort toward a better life.

Then Christmas, or at least the spirit of Christmas, will always be here. Its promise abiding with us until it comes again.

To all of our friends, we of the staff of Mountain Echoes, speaking for the inmates of Stony Mountain, wish you a sincere "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

To our families, we extend that special greeting that comes from deep in our hearts. God willing, we will one day celebrate Christmas with you. Until then we are with you in memory.



The snow has drifted softly down,
Like frosting on a cake,
And all is still and peaceful
As we wait for dawn to break.

The evening hours were shattered
By the guys who always clown,
But as the dawn approaches
You can hear them settle down.

They try to keep us happy here
And we all do our part.
With kindness and brotherhood
Foremost in every heart.

But thoughts still stray to loved ones
And a happy joyful scene,
Of gifts in sparkling wrappers
And the merry red and green.

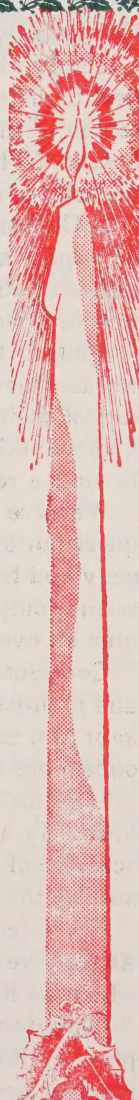
The kids' anticipation
As they gather at the tree;
Their utter fascination
Is so wonderful to see.

For though we can't be there today
None of us will e'er forget,
Those special Christmas dinners
That our mothers used to set.

Our wants are few and satisfied
With simple things we need.
They try to duplicate them here
And never quite succeed.

There are decorated Christmas trees
And streamers in the dome,
But no matter how you dress it up,
It will never be a home.

*A
Christmas
In
Prison*





Spirit Of The Christ-Child

Reverend G.W. McNeill

As the Christmas season comes around once more, I would like to wish the editor, his staff, and all readers of our Mountain Echoes a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

An old wish uttered by millions since Christ was born in Bethlehem on the first Christmas morning long, long ago: but once again it will change a somber season of the year. No doubt it will be cold and frosty on Christmas day, but hearts will be strangely warmed by the Christmas greetings of our loved ones, our friends and our neighbors.

Is Christmas and our good wishes for our friends but an empty gesture in the new space age? Will the spirit of the Christ-Child so warm our hearts, and the hearts of all men, so that strife and hate, suspicion and fear, may be banished from our world?

Sputnik 1 and 2, have travelled at incredible speeds through outer space for weeks. Our American friends are striving night and day to restore the lost prestige of their scientists and industrialists. In due course, bigger and better satellites will take to space and mans' conquests of one more area of life will have become a reality.

We have conquered land, sea, air and now space. But to what avail? If our conquest but adds to the fears and uncertainties of humanity it can spell only tragedy and frustration for the human race. Modern achievements in the field of science only underline our need of the spirit of the Christ-Child in the lives of men all over this globe.

God sent his son, a little child, into a cruel sadistic world where men pillaged and plundered their neighbors as a matter of course. But God's love and power kept him safe. Dare we make the adventure of faith as we celebrate his birth once more and face up to the coming year.

It seems that the time has come when men must hang together or hang separately. We can live and let live as brethren, members of the family of God, irrespective of race or creed, but to do so we must accept the message of Christmas and let the spirit of the Christ-Child rule and reign in our hearts and heads.

His kingdom is like heaven: It can only spread from individual to individual. As we give it away we keep it and enrich it and enrich the lives of those with whom we hold daily contact. If we keep it we lose it.

God grant this Christmastide that the Spirit of the Christ-Child may find a place in our hearts, for peace on earth through good will to men is still this world's greatest need and you alone can do your part towards bringing peace and good will into your particular area of life.

*Put Christ
Back
In Christmas*

Father H.J. Bedford, S.J.



Before 1822 Christ had Christmas all to Himself, as should be. Since then He has had to share it with Santa, which is a pity. This is how it happened.

One hundred and thirty-five years ago, Dr. Clement Moore of New York, on his way home from the market on Christmas eve to his home on the Hudson, met his caretaker Jan Duychinck. Jan was short, bearded, with round jovial face, a Dutchman who made a perfect figure of a Santa Claus as we now know the old gentleman. The two chatted about Christmas, about old legends, about the legend of St. Nicholas of Myra in the days of Constantine the Great. Old Holland had a special love for this saint who rode through the sky in a horse and wagon each December, bringing gifts for the good children and birch rods for the bad. Dr. Moore and Jan said good-night, and when the doctor arrived home he took out his quill and wrote.

As he wrote he created a new St. Nicholas, a fat, jolly little fellow like Jan, dressed in red, who rode through the sky behind eight tiny reindeer in a sleigh filled with toys. His poem became the most popular one in America.

"T'was the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse . . ."

When the writer lay down his quill that night, he had done more than write a poem. He had created a legend and a character destined to outlast the centuries. He had ushered in—Santa Claus.

Now we all love Santa Claus. But we don't want him to be an instrument of injustice. We don't want him to steal Christmas away from Christ, which he has been doing. Christmas is not Santa's birthday it's Christ's birthday. It's the day when God stooped to earth; when a Child was born in a stable and salvation broke over a dark and weary world, and man could look up again and hope again, because the chains of sin which bound him were about to be broken.

Far more appropriate than "The Night Before Christmas" because it is more in keeping with the true meaning of Christmas, is the carol "O Come All Ye Faithful." This hymn reminds us that the 25th of December is the Birthday of Christ. It throws emphasis where it belongs. Remember, if there were no Christ, there would be no Christmas.



*A Christmas
Greeting
from
The Warden*

C. E. DesRosiers

The staff of this institution join with me in extending to all of the inmates sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We are not unmindful that you are separated from your families at this time of the year and sincerely hope that participation in the activities that are being organized for you by the Administration and your Sports Committee will help to foster the spirit of good will that marks this festive season.

I personally wish to commend the inmate population in it's entirety for the spirit of cooperation and good will that has prevailed in all phases of our activities during the year.

The Editorial Staff of the "Mountain Echoes" and those other inmates who have contributed so generously to it's success are to be especially commended.

Dale Carnegie Course Slated



Education Pays Big Dividends



Deputy Warden John Wickey announced November 24, that the first Dale Carnegie course would begin operation here January 11.

For a number of years, inmates have requested permission to participate in the specialized training provided by the Dale Carnegie Foundation, and present plans call for a class of 22 to begin the course shortly after the new year. The classes will be conducted by Professor Nesbitt from the University of Manitoba and will run for 14 sessions of 4½ hours each on Saturday afternoons.

The Dale Carnegie course is widely established in other Canadian Penitentiaries and its arrival here concludes more than two years of effort by Teacher-Librarian J Wier and many members of the Citizens' Forum group.

Inmates are to be selected from among entrants, since the class is best adapted when the participants number 20 or less, by a four-man selection committee comprised of Deputy Warden Wickey, Classification Officer U Belanger and teachers Weir and Mr. Sweet.

The course is expected to broaden the training offered under the educational program here at the institution, which presently embraces educational courses at elementary and high school levels and some specialized courses in trade training, such as bookkeeping, accounting, drafting, stationary engineering, radio and electronics.

The value of these educational courses has never been questioned, however it is probably with some surprise that inmates here will view these facts.

In a detailed report prepared by Dr. W. Blick and Herman Miller and presented in the American Sociological Review, June 1956, an attempt was made to assay the dollar and cents value of education by comparing average incomes of people who have left schools at various levels.

In the group of workers who left school at the Fourth Grade level, lifetime income between the ages 20 to 65 amounted to \$72,000.

Those entering the labour market after completing Grade Eight earned \$116,000 during the same period.

After completing two years of instruction at the high school level, the workers earned \$135,000.

High school graduates earned an average of \$165,000 during the same working period and a college graduate earned \$268,000.

It pays to learn. Compare the worker who leaves school at fourth grade levels and the eighth grade worker and you notice a difference of \$44,000, or almost \$1,000 per year for the entire working, or employable period of 45 years. An additional two years of schooling will boost that earning capacity by \$19,000, almost doubling the earning power of the fourth grade worker.

There is little need to enlarge this theme. It pays to learn, and we have educational courses available that increase your potential by as much as 125 per cent. Try them.



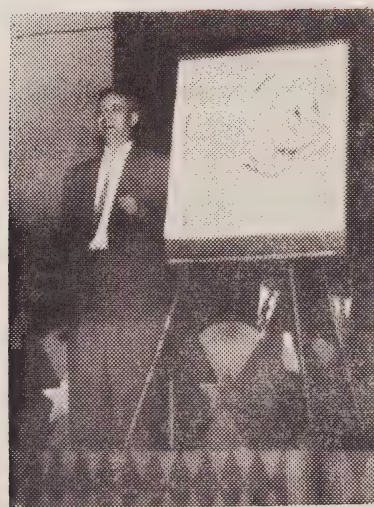
Len belts a la Teresa



Harold Gre

Smas

Len Andre



Art Laverne Chalk Talks

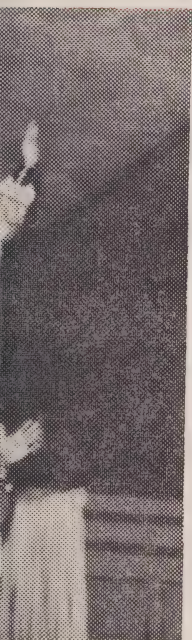


The RH



s Orchestra

n Hit



nhold



Len rocks Elvis style

Varieties



Norm Howard mimics ' Gracie

Poet's Corner

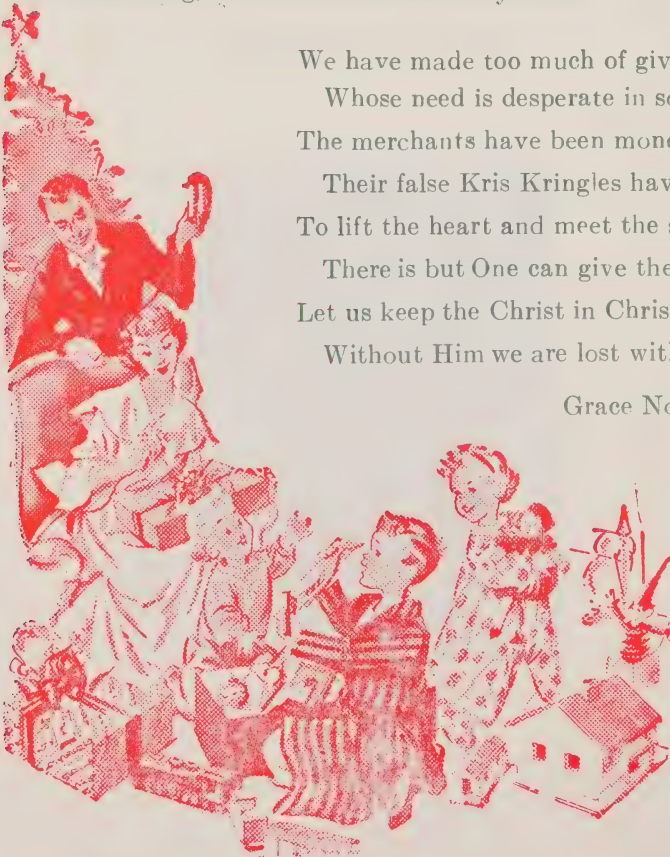
Modern Christmas

At Christmas time down any city street
The baubles and the tinsel have sufficed
To catch the eye and stay the hurrying feet
And blur the clear white vision of the Christ,
The Christ whose birthday we would celebrate
With joyous praise and gratitude and prayer.
We would shout the news, before it is too late,
Of His coming, to the whole world everywhere



We have made too much of giving, save to those
Whose need is desperate in some troubled hour.
The merchants have been money-mad, God knows.
Their false Kris Kringles have no magic power
To lift the heart and meet the spirit's need.
There is but One can give the dark world light.
Let us keep the Christ in Christmas, for indeed,
Without Him we are lost within the night.

Grace Noll Crowell



A Popular Fallacy

(It couldn't happen to ME)

by Don Lobb

Human beings are eternal optimists. They can sit down with the evening paper and read of the misfortunes of another human being, shrug their shoulders nonchalantly, think to themselves, "It could never happen to me!" and whisk on over to the comics.

Being human I have also subscribed to this popular fallacy. I said it couldn't happen to me, even believed it—until it happened to me.

Now I am surrounded by other people who felt the same way once. I have come to know something of the past of many of them, and I am struck by an amazing fact. The misfortune of becoming a convict can happen to almost anyone.

I have learned that a minister may become a sex offender; a policeman, an extortionist; a taxi driver, a gunman; an advertising salesman, a procurer; a newspaper reporter may become a motor manslaughter statistic; a farmer may become a common thief; a milkman, a rapist; an only son from a wealthy home, a bank bandit; a doctor, a drug addict; a lawyer, a forger; a school teacher, a bad cheque passer; a labourer; a car thief; a politician, an abductor; a railway worker, a murderer.

Who is a convict?

He is a boilermaker, baker, candlestickmaker, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, beggarman, Indian chief.

He's a teenage kid who went out on a romp; a married man who went on a toot, a gigolo on the make; a milksop on a dare.

He's your next door neighbor; the garbage collector; the newsy on the corner; the bus driver; your seat partner on a train trip; the athlete in last year's big game; the announcer selling soap flakes.

It would appear that no strata of society is immune. Given a moment, an hour, a day, a month, a year of adversity, anyone can become a convict.

Who is the convict?

He is Mister Average Citizen, brought face-to-face with a problem too big for him to solve. He's Mister Average Citizen who zipped when he should have zaggged.

Considering all these case histories—that's what they are—actual case histories purposely kept anonymous, and one can find little room to argue that convicts are human beings.

Perhaps you have been one of those persons who has visualized a convict as a sort of hazily-featured brute, ranking in intelligence with all the lower forms of animal life. If you have, it may surprise you to learn that as a group, intelligence and perception tests show them to be a couple of decimal points above normal, or average.

Still complacent? Still believe it can't happen to you? Think again friend or we may have you along here for a fourth at bridge.

Pre-Release Plus Post-Release Programs May Beat Crime

Harry Wisby

A short time ago the editor of Mountain Echoes asked me the following question; "What legislation do you think the newly-elected Progressive Conservative government could enact that would have the greatest effect in combatting crime?"

My answer was a post release program for prisoners, and I arrived at this conclusion after considerable thought. As a matter of fact, the question blasted me from a state of complacency and lassitude, and I would like to enlarge on my reasons for answering as I did.

To obtain as clear a picture as possible of our present crime problem, we must know the facts.

The first, and most outstanding fact is that approximately seventy per cent of the inmates in penitentiaries in Canada have served sentences in other penal institutions. Fifty per cent have spent time in penitentiaries.

A close check of the provincial institutions would probably show up similar statistics. From this we can only conclude that the majority of criminal offences are committed by the same group of people, over and over again. In the face of this fact, it is reasonable to direct the attack against crime in the direction of this deplorable condition.

It is certain that no one piece of legislation can wholly correct this situation, but a proper period of re-orientation interwoven with a full and comprehensive post release program would be a major step in the proper direction.

By a post release program I don't mean \$100 in a man's pocket on discharge day, a ride into town in an unmarked car and a warm handshake with best wishes for future success.

To illustrate let me present a hypothetical case.

Joe was an ordinary convict, like most of us. The last time he left this institution he was full of plans for a bright future on the straight and narrow. During his term he worked long and diligently toward the day when he could put his plans into operation. He attended the psycho-therapy classes, studied himself and did what he could to learn to overcome his failings. When he had a problem, he learned to discuss it with the psychiatrist or psychologist.

Finally the day of his release arrived. We wished him every success when he left—but he came back.

If you knew Joe, you could imagine that when he began his new life outside, he found that his problems had increased rather than decreased. There was no friendly sociologist out there to discuss things with. He contacted a not-uncommon disease known as "The Outcast Complex."

This disease attacks the well-meaning convict as readily as the reformed. He comes to believe that he is inadequate, rejected, and he retreats from relationships with other people.

He once more gravitates to the 'underworld' where other outcasts gather, in search of understanding and acceptance.

Was his fear unfounded? Perhaps, and perhaps not. Unfortunately there are many people who will reject an individual who has a criminal record. This isn't unusual though, when you consider that the federal government—our elected voice and conscience—sets the example.

"Nonsense!" you say?

The Canadian Civil Service refuses to employ Canadian citizens who have been convicted of a criminal offence. (On the Civil Service examination paper, a paragraph asks the applicant if he has ever been convicted of an indictable offence.—Ed's note) Many business firms have followed this procedure also.

I would like to think that the time will not be long in coming when a prisoner will be sent to a re-orientation centre as his discharge date nears. Here he would learn to live like his fellowman on free street. The purpose of such a centre would be to teach a man how to wear civilian clothes, eat with the proper utensils and conduct conversations with ordinary people.

They would have an opportunity to meet prospective employers and discuss with them their capabilities with the view to obtaining a secure understanding before reporting for employment. In short, to learn to live like an ordinary human being.

Do not make the mistake of assuming that this change from a regimented prison life to a free life can be accomplished by walking through a barred gate.

I think a period of three months would be required to ease a man back into the ways of life to which he must adapt himself upon release.

Since such a release centre would be an honor camp, the expense of custodial staff would be minimal.

The centre would also make it possible for the releasee to meet with probation or after-care workers upon whom the inmate must feel free to call after he is released. When he has problems to which he cannot find answers, it is imperative that he have faith in, and respect for, the social worker who understands him and his problems. The centre would be a suitable place to develop such an understanding.

To put the plan into action would require tremendous amounts of organizational and financial preparation, but it would pay dividends in salvaged lives for the men who presently represent the large majority of offenders against society, under the system operating today.

No Despondency -- Archibald Rutledge

In nature we do not discover despondency, the handmaid of despair; we never find self-pity, which undermines virtue more subtly than arrant vice. Wild things do not resign or surrender; they fight to the death. Even a butterfly will defend itself. All living things love life, and if we do not love it enough to make it seem worthwhile to ourselves and to others, a suspicion arises that there might be something the matter with us. Take self-pity out of life and you are making great progress in redemption of humanity. It is really a disease and, I take it, a disease incident to civilization, for as we go back toward nature we find less of it and in nature's home, none at all. Her children are valiant; whatever their adversities, they do not complain; they are self-reliant, and they never lose hope.



From Person to Person

Westbound.

To Jimmy Grant, Hughie McKenna, Frank Schlosser and Irving Hess. . . from Joe Berg—A big hello to Frank & Tony, Grahame & Mike F., Hughie & Deaf George. . . regards, Robbie & McGadger—Greetings to Red Roberts and Bill Atlas from Charlie Doran—Merry Christmas Kenny and B. from Carrots—To Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Ferseter 9917-155th St. Edmonton from Pat Joyce—Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to “Mousie” Fieldhouse from Lou “Kappy” Kapitan—Merry Xmas and all the best in the coming year to Kenny Moses from John—Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to Danny O'Brian, Deaf George, Frank Slosheer, Burns and all the boys from Tony S.—To Young Ericson in NW from Rex R.

Eastbound.

Greetings to Jean Hall from Joe Berg—to Jean Ashby from Rollie Evans—William Rennie from Joe Berg—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the Legardes in Geraldton, to Gilbert Moise Jr., and Flora from Gilbert Lagarde—to Jean and Jessie from H.S. recieved your card—from Waldo to Glen Cole—Toronto. . . Mrs. Lela Dodd, Merry Xmas love, Donnie. St. Vincente de Paul. . . To Robert (Isobelle) Perrault from Louis, Danny and all the gang, Merry Xmas and a happy 58-59 & 60—to Ray, Sim, Leo and all the boys, all the best from Rick Moisan—A Merry Xmas to Paul Tremble, Teddy, Frankie, Norm H., Normie Mc., Mickey R., George, Hank, Irwin J. and Toby—from Tony Anthony, Art Mack and Sam R.—Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to Abie Abrams from John—Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to Moe Walker from Lou “Kappy” Kapitan—To Glen Cole, George Turner and Mike Mendick from Jim & Ken Budd.

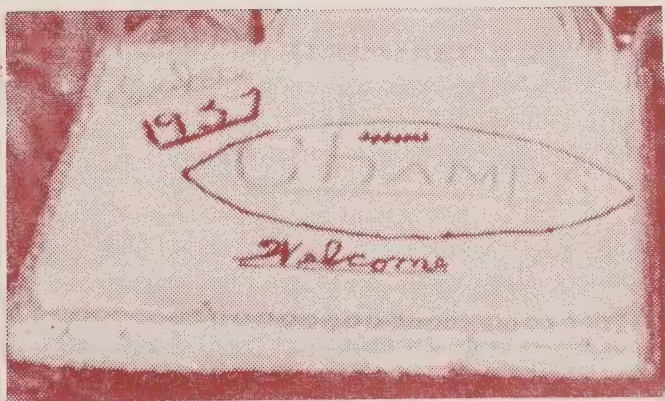
Local. . . .

Greetings to Joey Charboneau at Headingley, very sorry to hear of your plight, Sam Sedan—To Mrs. Lela Dodd, Flo, Darrell and Florence, Aunt Edna and Uncle Fred Donnie Dodd, very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—Season's Greetings to Colonel Slim Parks, Spooogie & Al M. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Carol Kissiloskie from Ken—To Jerry Betty, Billy, Pee-Wee, Mom and Dad, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from Murray and Jim Naugler—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Mr. and Mrs. M. Proulx and all the kids, from Armand—Merry Christmas and best wishes for a Happy New Year to Gloria, Love Tony—The best of wishes to Sandra I. and Family from Ken A. To Donna, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from Jim—Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to Norm and Al from Ken and Ed—Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to one and all, from the members of the Mountain Echoes Staff.

"Banquet of Champs"



*Warden DesRosiers presents trophy to Esk coach.
Cake marks championship*



See story page 18.



Esks Feted At First Sports Banquet



Left to right back row are: Henry Knight, M. Naugler, Coach R. Provost, Scorer R. Hambleton, Red McKillop, Johnny St. Germaine, seated, Captain M. Kostiuk, Knobby, Jim Naugler, G. Mitchell, M. Sokoloski

For the first time in the history of the institution, Stony Mountain athletes were honored by a "Banquet of Champions."

Called to mark the victory of the Eskimo football team following their record performance which saw them move through six league and two playoff games without a defeat, the banquet was held in the Officers' Mess Sunday, December 1, and was attended by the coaches, game officials, senior members of the administration and Armand Proulx, winner of the coveted Most Valuable Player Award.

Feted at the banquet were Johnny St. Germaine, Jim Naugler, Mike Kostiuk, Murray Naugler, Mike Sokoloski, J. Knight, Henry, Larry Shirley, G. Mitchell, Ken Ducharme, (?) Red McKillop and coach Raoul Provost.

Also present were coaches Ron Brothers of Bombers, Carl Fingus of Huskies, and chairing the event, Harry Wisby of the Lions. Representing the administration, Warden C.E. DesRosiers, Deputy John Wickey, Chief Keeper A.E. Steel, Hobby Officer R. Howard and PTI W.J. Hancock.

Following lunch the speaking contingent, headed by Mr. Wickey, were called by Wisby.

Mr. Wickey told the banquet party that sports was much like the game of life.

He said, "There are three requirements for the good athlete. These are a good physique, self discipline and the ability to be good loser. In life, as in all sports we have to keep our bodies healthy, discipline ourselves to do the job given us and even though it is easier to be a winner than loser, we have to learn to lose gracefully."

He concluded his address by congratulating the champions and Armand Proulx the outstanding football player of the season.

Coach Ron Brothers of Bombers then congratulated the champion Eskimos, the scorer, R. Hambleton, the game officials, the administration and the committee. He was followed by Carl Fingus who also added his congratulations and thanks to the visitors.

Chief Keeper A. E Steel told the party that he was continually amazed at the fact that such a fine sports program could be carried on here. He recalled for the group the days when recreation in the institution consisted of a lock-step walk around the yard under the watchful eye of an armed guard.

"The present sports program is indeed amazing and we should thank the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, the administration and all the inmate body for making this all possible."

He concluded his remarks with a special congratulation for the champions.

Speaking for the officials, A. Broadbent remarked that the banquet was the best thing that could possibly have happened for sports. He cited the Eks and all players in the league for their spirit and added that having a sports banquet should make the games more worth playing.

Before making the introductions of the remaining guests at the head table, Harry Wisby added his congratulations and stated that this had been the best year of football in the institution during his time. He also stated that the banquet was an added incentive that should have the effect of creating more competition and a better brand of sports;

W. Hancock, PTI remarked that, "I concur with what has been said by the speakers, and commend all of you here on your effort."

"We have here the nucleus of all the sports activities in the institution and I wish to thank you all for your cooperation," he added. "I would also like to commend Dick Moisan on his fine work on the sports program and to congratulate all of you on your efforts."

Moisan then offered congratulations both to the Eks and to Proulx and thanked the officials and the administration for their cooperation.

Mr. DesRosiers was then asked to speak to the group and to make the presentation of the trophy donated by him to the football league

"I would like to comment on the personal sportsmanship that you fellows have," he said, "Sportsmanship in this institution is not something that we have to strive for; we have it already.

"I would like to remark on the fine job done by Mike Kostiuk, captain of the Eks—our Eks did a lot better than their namesakes in that I understand they completed the season without a loss.

"The sportsmanship I mentioned earlier reminds me of my own kids," he said. "Only last week I had to teach them what sportsmanship was when the Eskimos lost the series to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. Both my oldest daughter and my son are keen Eskimo fans, and when Eks lost, they were almost in tears. Coach Pop Ivy of the Eskimos taught them part of the lesson of sportsmanship when he congratulated the Bombers on their fine showing and Jackie Parker, the star of stars as far as my kids were concerned, finished the job when he came out in support of the Bombers and said what a wonderful team they were. Now both are staunch Bomber fans."

He then singled out All Star quarterback Johnny St. Germaine, Jim Naugler, Fika Sokoloski, Henry, Kostiuk for congratulations on their All Star selection

Just prior to the presentation, Mr. DesRosiers told the group he was very pleased when he was approached to furnish the special trophy and to make the presentation.

"It meant a lot to me," he said. "It meant that while this banquet was a first for you, this has also meant a first for me. It showed me that I had your backing and support."

He then presented the trophy to Raoul Provost, coach of the Eskimos and told Provost that he was deeply honored to be called upon to perform the ceremony.

Provost replied by thanking the Warden and all the officials and opposing coaches and players. He thanked his team for the fine job they did for him and said that the banquet was a tribute, not only to sports, but also to the new administration.

Warden DesRosiers, Provost and Mike Kostiuk then cut the special cake provided by the inmate cooks and after the cake had been served with soft drinks, cigars and cigarettes passed around, the banquet broke up.

The Mountain Echoes would like to add congratulations to the champions, the opposing players and coaches, the game officials and especially to Hambleton the official scorer, without whose help the reports carried in the Echoes would not have been possible. Also a hearty vote of thanks should be extended to chief steward Mr. Aikenhead and his staff for their part in the banquet and to the staff of the Officers 'Mess.

The thanks of all sportsmen in the institution are also extended to the administration and to Commissioner of Penitentiaries Maj. Gen. R. B. Gibson.

Warden DesRosiers deserves a special vote of thanks also for the donation of the trophy to the winning team. The trophy will be up for annual competition and is a statuette of a football player in a passing pose.



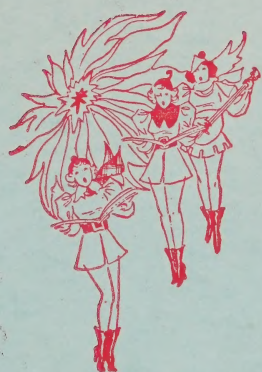
Special Greetings

To

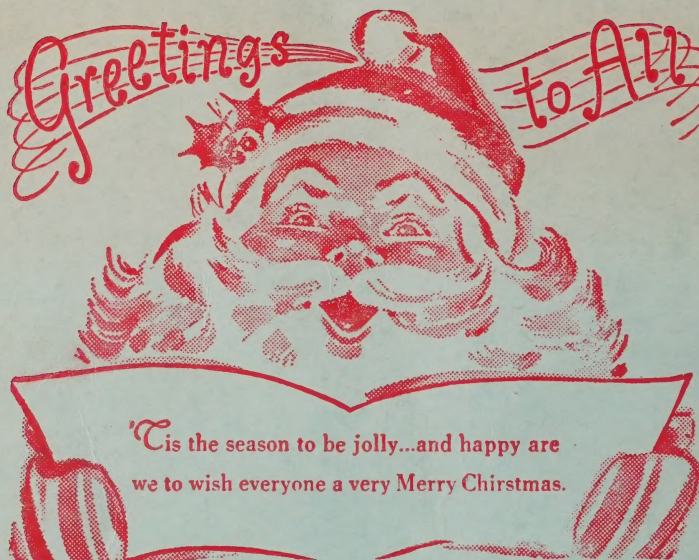
All Visiting Sport

Organizations





Greetings *to All!*



'Tis the season to be jolly...and happy are
we to wish everyone a very Merry Chirstmas.